tied up at the moment, come back never

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/10547908.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Light Bondage, Canon-Typical Violence, Knives, Knifeplay, Threats of Violence, Possessive Hannibal, Will Graham is a Tease, Will Loves Hannibal, Hannibal Loves Will, Creepy Fluff, Murder Husbands, Murder Kink
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of Fluffy Murder Husbands
Collections:	HannibalFanFicsToReReadOften
Stats:	Published: 2017-04-05 Words: 1,800 Chapters: 1/1

tied up at the moment, come back never

by harleygirl2648

Summary

> “Your biggest secret isn’t the cannibalism, it’s that you are an absolute masochist.”

Notes

> So, um, I just had this image of Hannibal tied up and Will enjoying it, and I had to write this, sorry if it's a mess. I just wanted to crank something out for you guys!

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal pushed lightly against the handcuffs and leg restraints that held him trapped to a chair, amused at the situation. He looked up at his captor, trying not to smile at the situation.

“Well, it would appear that you have caught me,” he remarked, his fight against smiling failing fast. The man scowled from the corner.

“Shut up.”

“Very rude of you. I’d like to know why you have captured me, please.”

“You’re Hannibal Lecter. The FBI is offering quite a lot of money for you,” the man declared, turning a bowie knife over in his hands.

“I see. Have you contacted them?” Hannibal asked cooly, not fighting the handcuffs. Rude, truly rude, handcuffed unwillingly in one’s own home. He hoped he wasn’t scraping the new varnish on the chair. Also, Will should have been home an hour ago. The man glared at Hannibal, his calm expression seemingly infuriated him further.

“There’s a higher reward for you dead than alive, I’m biding my time before I call,” was his response, before he switched to a different topic. “Where is Will Graham?”

“Is there double a reward for Will’s capture as well?” Hannibal asked, curiosity getting the best of him. “I was under the impression that we are legally dead.”

“To the public. The FBI is still looking for information. So what’d you do to Will Graham, they are interested in knowing his whereabouts.”

“You’ve obviously been observing our movements, you know, you chose a time when he would not be home.”

“Of course,” the man smirked, sitting opposite Hannibal, poking a nerve. “They want Graham alive, and there is plenty of evidence to suspect that you would rather kill him yourself than let him go.”

Hannibal leaned back as best he could, letting a smile pull at the corners of his lips.

“So I’m going to kill you myself and drag Graham back. Jack Crawford's still looking for him," the man grinned, tobacco stains on his teeth. Distasteful.

“He doesn’t want to return to that life.” Hannibal’s voice is cold, determined. This man was dancing on a line.

“I’ll bet,” the man smiles. “So what did you do to him? You trust him enough to leave the house and come back to you like a loyal dog. Brainwashing? Breaking him down emotionally so that he’s convinced he needs you?”

It was hard to keep the snarl from escaping, and Hannibal would have bitten the man’s finger off if he came any closer when the front door opened.

“Hey, sorry, they were out of cardamom, you’ll have to make do with the ging- *well,”* Will remarked, coming all the way into the kitchen and observing the scene before him as he set the bags down. “I was unaware that we had company. I’m not going to ask why you’re restrained, you probably deserve it."

The man walked over to Will, offering a hand for a shake. “Will Graham, I presume.”

“Correct,” Will stated, smiling as he put on an expression of relief. “And you are-?”

“Here to return you to the States, I’ll inform the Bureau that you have been found.”

“Oh, thank god,” Will sighed out, uncorking a bottle of wine and turning to pour two glasses. “You have no idea what it’s like being stuck with him.” He offered a glass to the man who graciously accepted it, downing the entire glass and Will filled it again. He smiled with satisfaction when halfway through the second serving, the glass slipped from the man’s hand and smashed against the tile, and he was desperately clutching at the counter and trying in vain to keep his wits about him.

“What - what -”

“Curare. Usually ineffective when taken orally, unless in large quantities, and quickly,” Will says, smiling the way a cat does when he has a mouse cornered, and wants to play with his prey. “You should be feeling overly warm, and all of your muscles will begin to relax until you become unable to move. Unfortunately, you will not be numb. Any pain inflicted on you, you will still be able to feel it.”

And then Will is pulling a knife from the butcher’s block and driving it deep into the man’s abdomen in a nonlethal area, relishing in the slow drag of the blade and deliberately wiping his bloody hand across the spotless counter. He then made his way over to where Hannibal was still restrained, looking him over and smirking into his own wine glass.

“As I was saying,” he said casually, taking a sip from his own *clean* drink, “You have no idea what it’s like being *stuck* here, in this huge, beautiful house with *nothing* to do because he’s anal about cleaning, and I don’t have to cook anything because he does that enough himself, I don't even need to get out of bed some days. It’s just hell, torture, *madness.* Thank God you were stupid enough not to call in advance, I’d hate to move. Although I hear that Argentina *is* nice in the winter.”

Hannibal does not pay attention to the man’s gurgling as he bleeds all over the good tile, instead savoring the look on Will’s face. His calm, brutal demeanor. He could have killed the man immediately, but he is enjoying drawing this out. He smiles at Will, moving slightly in his restraints. Will raised an eyebrow.

“Oh, you want me to help you? Mmm, no,” Will says, leaning back further and surveying the scene before him. “I like you like this.”

“Do you?”

“I’d rather have tied you up myself,” Will notes, taking another sip before setting the glass down on the coffee table, deliberately beside the coaster. He moved closer to Hannibal, making his way around the chair, observing, rather than participating, sliding his hand across his shoulder. “With good knots, good rope.”

“A pleasing concept.”

“Of course it is,” Will muses, coming before Hannibal and slowly moving down until he’s kneeling and resting his folded arms across Hannibal’s legs, looking up at him through his lashes. “Your biggest secret isn’t the cannibalism, it’s that you are an absolute masochist.”

“A masochist?”

“Yes.” One of Will’s hands starts sliding up Hannibal’s thigh. “You’re not a *sadist, per se,* you do enjoy a bit of torture at times. But you are a masochist. You are always in control, and the idea of relinquishing that control even a little for anyone would sound insane, except you enjoy. You like the slow burn, Jane-Austen-style, barely anything more than slight touches before both of us snap.” He popped the last *p* as he moved just enough to end up in Hannibal’s lap, yanking hard and sudden on his loose tie and kissing him, pulling hard enough that his air was being cut off when Will pulled away just as quickly, looking like the cat that ate the canary.

“See? You do like it,” he smirked, getting up far too soon for Hannibal’s liking and moving away to pick up his glass for another drink. “And I think I’ll leave you there for a while longer. I’m going to take care of our little *guest,* he’s still clinging to life over there.”

Will then turned away, heading back into the kitchen and observed the man desperately attempting to even move, let alone escape. Curare turned all of your muscles and bones to ooze in a matter of minutes, and Will supposed he had about ten minutes before it started to wear off, but he doubted that knife still buried in his stomach was helping. Well, it sort of was.

“You should be glad I left the knife there, it’s keeping you from bleeding out faster,” Will said, almost bored as he rinsed out both of their glasses and dumped the rest of the poisoned wine down the sink. As he rinsed off the glass, he heard a loud sound that sounded like when you pull out the bath plug and the water drains away. He turned away and sighed when he saw Hannibal *not* in his chair, and instead was slowly dragging the knife still embedded in the man’s stomach, effectively shredding the internal organs along the ay as his lip curled into a vicious snarl.

Damn, Will loved that. Didn’t mean he wasn’t going to give Hannibal a *harder* time when he finally removed the knife only to stab into the man’s neck, ending the dying man’s noises. And only then did he look up into Will’s eyes and in a matter of seconds had Will pressed up against the counter, snarl not fading. Will just smiled back.

“Awww, I planned to make it last. We could have made a nice evening out of it.”

“I have other plans.” Hannibal’s voice was low, slight anger around the edges of his words as his arm came around Will and pulled him into an iron grip.

“That was a little more brutal than usual, trying to prove that you *are* a sadist?”

“That was not out of sadism, it was to make very clear that you are *mine* and I will not let anyone take you from me.”

“Would you kill me to prevent that from happening?” Will asked, genuinely curious. Hannibal could not lie to those eyes.

“Yes,” he answered. Will took in that information, and nodded.

“Honestly, I would not expect anything less from you. If it makes you feel better, I’d kill you myself before I let the FBI put you back in a cage. I didn’t throw us off a cliff for someone else to kill you.”

“I am honored,” Hannibal purred, sounding like a big cat deciding between napping or chasing after his prey. “By each other’s hands shall we part, my love. Nothing else can divide us.”

“Such a sap, I signed up for a lifetime of this?”

The snarl is back, and the bloody knife up against Will’s lips. “You can survive without your tongue, you realize.”

“Oh, but you really like what I can do with my tongue,” Will smirks again, licking the fresh blood from the sharp edge of the knife. “And I should have known that you could have escaped at any time. How long were you planning to sit there, until I got home?”

“However long it took for you to return, then. Unless the situation began to escalate.”

“God, you really are a masochist.”

Hannibal finally sighed, leaning in and kissing Will enough to scramble his thoughts for the next few moments, letting the knife slide through his fingers, slicing his palm open in the process. Will’s eyes darkened when they pulled away, leaning in and lapping up the blood. Hannibal let his eyes clse in pleasure.

“Oh, Will,” he sighed again. “You're the only one who’s ever been able to inflict pain on me.”

End Notes

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